

STORIES OF ANIMAL-VILLAGE



EMMA CARBUTT RICHEY



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STORIES OF ANIMAL VILLAGE

By
EMMA CARBUTT RICHEY



ILLUSTRATED BY
LUDWIG and REGINA

**BECKLEY-CARDY COMPANY
CHICAGO**

PE 1119
R535

TO RALPH, CORRINE AND ESTHER
AND TO CHILDREN EVERYWHERE
WHO LOVE GOD'S CREATURES
OF FEATHER AND FUR

DEC 30 1926

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TURKEY RED

Turkey Red was in the barnyard.

She was eating wheat.

The farmer came into the barnyard.

He saw Turkey Red.

He did not look pleased.

He said,

“Turkey Red is good for nothing.

She does nothing but eat, eat, eat.

She must be killed.

We will sell her in the market.”

Turkey Red heard what the farmer said.

She was frightened.

She did not know what to do.
So she ran to ask King Gobble.

“Oh, King Gobble,” said Turkey Red,
“do tell me what to do.
I am so frightened!
The farmer is going to kill me.
He says I do nothing but eat.”

King Gobble spread out his tail.
He puffed out his feathers.
He said, “Gobble, gobble, gobble!”
Then he walked away.

Turkey Red ran after King Gobble.
She said, “Please, King Gobble,
tell me what to do!”

King Gobble’s face grew very red.

He said,

“You must make yourself useful.
Go and raise some baby turkeys.
Then the farmer will not kill you.”

Turkey Red was very quiet.

“I will do it,” she said.

Turkey Red left the barnyard.

She ran into the woods.

She wanted a place to hide her nest.

So she asked Titmouse.

Titmouse said, “This way, this way.”

He flew to a small pile of brush.

Turkey Red ran after him.

She looked at the pile of brush.

She walked around it.

“This will do,” she said.

So she crept into the brush.

She scratched out the dirt.

She made a good nest.

The next day Turkey Red
went again to the woods.

She sat on the nest.

She laid a nice, big egg.

It was white, with brown spots.

Turkey Red looked at the egg.

“How pretty it is,” she said.

She was very happy.

She took many leaves.

She put them over the egg.

Then no one could see it.

Then she went to tell King Gobble.

King Gobble looked angry.

“You must not tell,” he said.

“Gobble, gobble, gobble!”

“I only told you,” said Turkey Red.

“That is well,” said King Gobble.

“If you tell others,

some one may eat your eggs.”

“I will not tell,” said Turkey Red.

The next day Turkey Red went to
her nest.

Titmouse saw her coming.

He called, “This way, this way!”

Turkey Red said,

“Please do not call.

If you tell every one to come this way, they may find my nest.”

Titmouse said,

“I did not mean to tell.

I was afraid you would forget the way.”

Turkey Red said,

“A turkey always knows where to find her nest.”

Titmouse said, “I will fly away.”

So he flew from tree to tree.

He met Blue Jay.

“Good morning,” said Blue Jay.

“Good morning,” said Titmouse.

Then Blue Jay asked,

“Do you know where Turkey Red
has her nest?”

Titmouse flew away and called,

“This way, this way.”

Blue Jay followed Titmouse.

But he did not find Turkey Red’s nest.

Turkey Red went every day to the
woods.

She went to her nest.

Every day she laid an egg.

When she had eleven eggs she said,

“Now I must sit on them
and keep them warm.”

So she sat on the eggs.

She sat all day and all night.
She only left the nest for food.
She stayed away but a short time.
She did not want the eggs to get too
cold.

One day Dog Rowdy
was in the woods.

He was chasing a rabbit.

He saw Turkey Red on her nest.

He said,

“What are you doing, Turkey Red?”

Turkey Red said,

“I am sitting on my eggs.”

Dog Rowdy said,

“Coyote Dick may eat you.”

Turkey Red was frightened.

“I did not think of that,” she said.

Dog Rowdy said,

“I heard him howl last night.”

Turkey Red said,

“I must stay until the eggs hatch.

You must keep Coyote Dick away.”

Dog Rowdy said,

“If you will never take my food

again,

I will keep Coyote Dick away.”

“Thank you, Rowdy,” said Turkey

Red.

“I will never eat your bread again.”

Blue Jay saw Dog Rowdy
 talking to Turkey Red.

When Dog Rowdy was gone,
 Blue Jay flew to a tree near by.
He said, “Ha-a! Ha-a!
I have found your nest at last.”

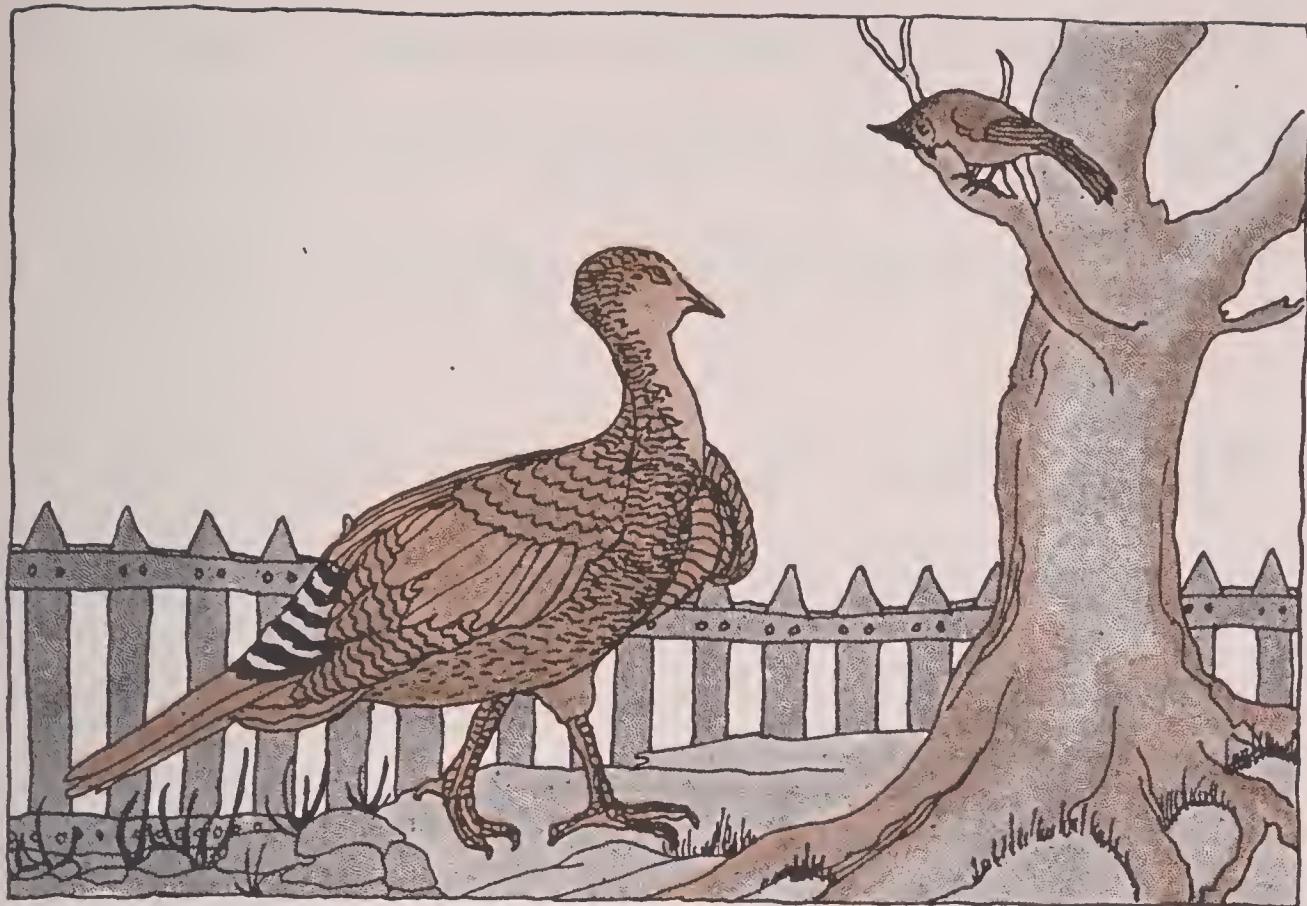
“Go away,” said Turkey Red.

“Ha-a, ha-a! How many eggs have
you?” asked Blue Jay.

Turkey Red was angry. She said,
“Go away, bad bird!”

“Ha-a, ha-a! I’ll eat your eggs,”
screamed Blue Jay.

“Don’t be a thief,” said Turkey Red.



“Ha-a, ha-a, I’ll eat your eggs,”

screamed Blue Jay again.

Then he flew away.

Blue Jay hid in a tree.

He waited until Turkey Red went to
eat.

Then he flew to her nest.

Turkey Red had covered the eggs.

Blue Jay scratched off the leaves.
He pecked a hole in one egg shell.
Then he ate all the egg.

Turkey Red came back.
She saw the egg shell.
She knew Blue Jay had eaten the egg.
“Oh, dear!” she cried, “what shall I
do?

Blue Jay will eat one every day!”

Turkey Red ran to King Gobble.
She said,
“King Gobble, oh, tell me what to
do.

Blue Jay ate one of my eggs to-day.”

King Gobble puffed out his feathers.

His face grew very red.
Then he said, “Gobble, gobble, gobble!
When did he take it?”

Turkey Red said,
“He stole it while I was eating.”

King Gobble’s face grew redder than
ever.

He said, “Gobble, gobble, gobble!
I will sit by the nest
while you eat.”

Turkey Red said,
“Oh, thank you, King Gobble.”

So every day King Gobble
went to the woods.

He sat by the nest
while Turkey Red was eating.
Blue Jay could not get the eggs.

One night the moon was shining.
It was very bright.
Coyote Dick wanted food.
So he ran through the woods.

Turkey Red heard him howl.
She huddled close to the ground.
She was frightened.
“I hope Dog Rowdy hears him,” she
said.

But Dog Rowdy was asleep.
He did not hear Coyote Dick.

Coyote Dick came nearer.

He thought he scented Turkey Red.
He howled with joy.

Turkey Red kept quite still.
Coyote Dick stopped by the brush-pile.
Turkey Red hardly breathed.
Coyote Dick put his nose into the
brush.

Turkey Red saw his wicked eyes.
She felt his hot breath.
She could keep still no longer.
She fluttered and called loudly.

King Gobble heard her.
He screamed,
“Gobble, gobble, gobble, gobble!”

That woke Dog Rowdy.



He rushed to the woods.
Coyote Dick heard him coming.
He snapped at Turkey Red's neck.

Dog Rowdy snapped at
Coyote Dick's leg.

Turkey Red lost some of her
feathers.

Coyote Dick was afraid of Dog Rowdy.

He ran very fast.

Dog Rowdy ran after him,
but he could not catch him.

So he came back to Turkey Red.

Dog Rowdy asked,
“Are you hurt, Turkey Red?”

Turkey Red said, “I am not hurt
badly.”

“I am sorry he frightened you,”
said Dog Rowdy.

“I shall sleep here at night now.”

Turkey Red said, “Thank you, Dog Rowdy.”

Blue Jay wanted another egg.
He waited until he saw Turkey Red leave.

Then he flew to the nest.

He saw King Gobble.

King Gobble was sitting by the nest.
This made Blue Jay very angry.
So he flew to Skunk Joe.

Skunk Joe was asleep.

Blue Jay said,

“Ha-a! Skunk Joe, wake up!”

Skunk Joe sat up.

He rubbed his eyes.

He said, “What do you want?”

Blue Jay said,

“How would you like a turkey supper?”

Skunk Joe looked pleased. He said,
“I should like it very much.”

Blue Jay said, “I will tell you where Turkey Red is sitting, if you will eat her to-night.”

Skunk Joe said, “I’ll be glad to do it.”

Blue Jay said,

“You must leave the eggs for me.”

“All right,” said Skunk Joe.

So Blue Jay told Skunk Joe where to find Turkey Red.

That night Skunk Joe
went to the brush-pile.

He was hungry.

He knew Turkey Red would taste fine.

He did not know that Dog Rowdy
was sleeping by the brush-pile.

Dog Rowdy was waiting for Coyote
Dick.

Skunk Joe went close to Turkey Red.

He felt sure of a good supper.

Then Dog Rowdy sprang at him.

He caught Skunk Joe

 by the back of the neck.

He shook him and shook him.

Skunk Joe has only one way to fight.

So he did his worst.



It made Turkey Red sick.
It made Dog Rowdy sick.
But Skunk Joe was sickest of all.
He felt sure Dog Rowdy meant to
kill him.

Dog Rowdy shook Skunk Joe
until he was limp.

Then he threw him down.
Dog Rowdy walked away.

He said to Turkey Red,
“Skunk Joe will not trouble you
again.”

Turkey Red said,
“You are the best dog in the world!”

Turkey Red had been sitting a long
time.

She had sat on the eggs
twenty-seven days.

She heard a baby turkey in the shell.

It said, “Peep, peep!”

Turkey Red was very happy.

She did not leave the nest that day.

King Gobble came to the woods.
He said, “You must hurry! .

The Farmer has sharpened his
knife.”

Turkey Red said, “I hear them peep.
They will hatch in time.”

King Gobble said,
“Talk to them, Turkey Red.
Tell them to hurry.”

Turkey Red talked to the baby
turkeys.

“Peck, peck!” went their bills.

The shells cracked open.
One little turkey after another came
out.

The next day they were all dry
and ready to walk.

They were fluffy and bright-eyed.
Turkey Red was very proud.

The Farmer was in the barnyard.
He had the sharp knife.

Dog Rowdy was in the barnyard, too.

King Gobble strutted in.

Then Turkey Red came leading her
ten babies.

The Farmer saw her coming.
He said, “Well, well, well!
Turkey Red is good for something.
I will not kill her.
She must take care of her children.
Well, well, well!”

King Gobble said,
“Gobble, gobble, gobble!”



Dog Rowdy said, “Bow-wow!
Bow-wow-wow!”

But Turkey Red said nothing.
She was too happy to speak.



THE QUARREL

Little White Chicken
Went out to play;
Little Dog Teddy said,
“You go away.”

Little Dog Teddy
Was eating some bread;

Little White Chicken said,
“I am not fed.”

Little White Chicken
Picked up the scraps;
Little Dog Teddy
Made growls and snaps.

Little White Chicken said,
“You need a peck.”
Little Dog Teddy said,
“Run away, quick!”

Little White Chicken
Ran right at Dog Ted,
And that naughty puppy
Jumped over her head.



This made White Chicken
Somewhat afraid;
She hid herself safely
Behind a great spade.

Little Dog Teddy

Ate all the bread,

He licked up each crumb

And laughed as he said:

“That foolish White Chicken

Would like to boss me;

But this is the land

Of the brave and the free!”

He held up his head,

And waved his tail high;

“We’ll see who is boss now,

That chicken or I!”

He marched around the house,

He marched around the shed,

He peeped in the door
And looked under the bed.

“I suppose I have frightened
That chicken to death;
There’s no use in hunting,
I’ll just save my breath.”

So Teddy looked around
For a place in the shade,
And thought it looked pleasant
Behind the great spade.

He trotted right over,
And how his blood rose,
When White Chicken pecked him
Right on the nose.

“You silly young chicken,
To try to fight me;
I’ll tear you to pieces—
This country is free!”

“All right,” said White Chicken,
“If that is your cry,
Come here and I’ll peck you once,
Right in the eye!”

Dog Teddy trembled
With anger and pain;
“White Chicken, don’t ever
Speak that way again!”

“Oh, pooh!” said White Chicken,
“ ’Twas you yourself said,

‘The country is free,’
But you ate all the bread.”

Dog Teddy looked ashamed.
But he said,
“Would you fight with your friend
For pieces of bread?”

“I would,” said White Chicken.
“Because you are big,
You don’t need to act
Like an over-grown pig!”

Dog Teddy sat down
On his tail to think;
The sun was so hot,
It made poor doggy blink.



“I wish you would let me
Come into the shade.

The sun might affect
My decision,” he said.

“Indeed not!” said White Chick.

“That’s only a trick;
You must agree to behave,
Or I’ll peck you sick!”

“Bow-wow,” said Dog Teddy,
“You talk very rude;
Why, of chickens like you,
I could eat a whole brood!”

“Then why don’t you try it?”
Asked saucy White Chick.

“You need a good lesson!
I’ll show you a trick.”

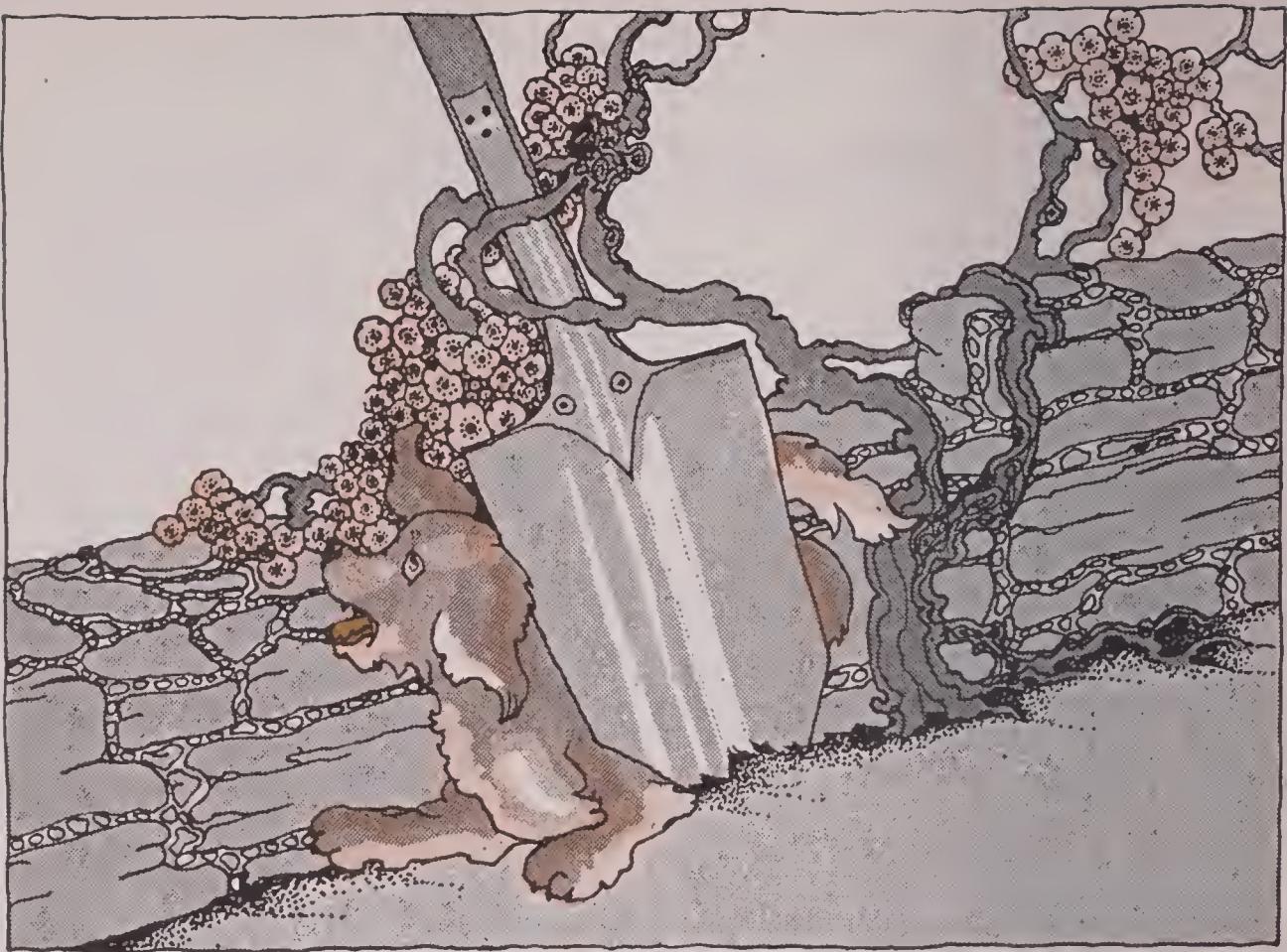
Dog Teddy was angry.

His eyes grew quite red,
He snapped at White Chicken,
To bite off her head.

White Chicken sprang quickly,
And down fell the spade.

Dog Teddy was under—
He had all the shade.

“Ha-ha!” laughed the chicken,
“Now isn’t this fun!
I suppose that you wish
You had stayed in the sun?”



“Yow-yow!” cried Dog Teddy,
“Yow-yow, let me out!”
White Chicken laughed louder,
And danced all about.

“Go away!” barked Dog Teddy,
“You make me quite ill;

Go visit the hawk
That lives on the hill!"'

"I won't," sang White Chicken,
"I'll stay on this farm,
For you are held fast
And can do me no harm."

"Yow-yow!" cried Dog Teddy,
"Yow-yow, yow-yow-yow!
If you'll help me out,
I'll be very good now!"

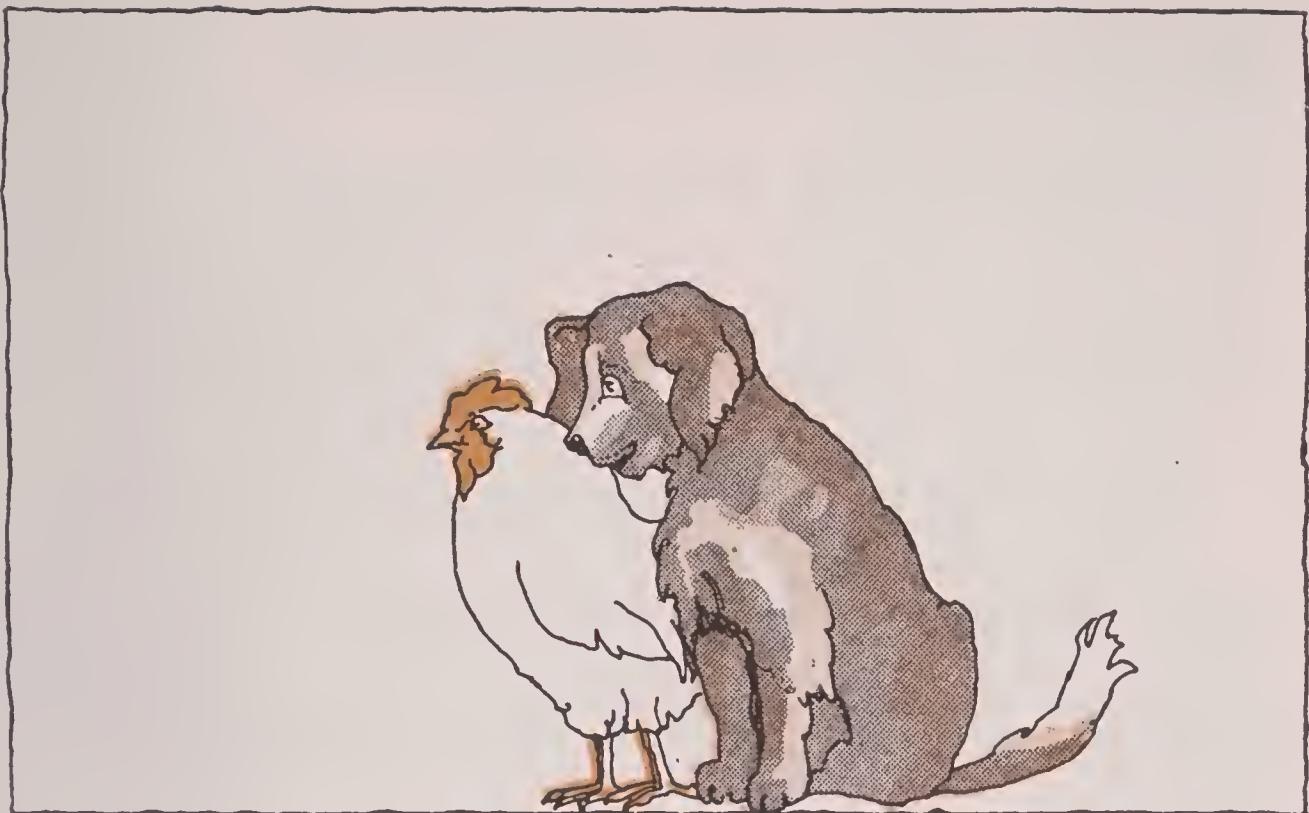
"I can't," said the chicken;
"And yet if I could,
I couldn't be sure
That you mean to stay good."

“Oh, yes!” said Dog Teddy,
“You may have all the scraps,
If you’ll promise me never
To set up these traps.”

“I’ll promise you nothing,”
Said giddy White Chick;
“This is a free country.
You’ve no cause to kick.”

“I know I wasn’t good,”
Said Ted, with a whine,
“I thought then of nobody’s
Freedom but mine.”

“You said you would eat me,”
Said Chicken in glee;



“I’m glad you are fast,
For now I am free!”

“There’s need for us all,”
Said Teddy. “Just think!
I may save your life
From a fox or a mink.”

White Chicken looked thoughtful,
For Ted was so small;

But a dog that could bark
Would beat no dog at all.

So White Chicken helped him
Scratch under the spade;
And friends they became,
And friends they have stayed.



JOHNNY COON

A few weeks had passed
since Johnny Coon had been
brought to the farm.

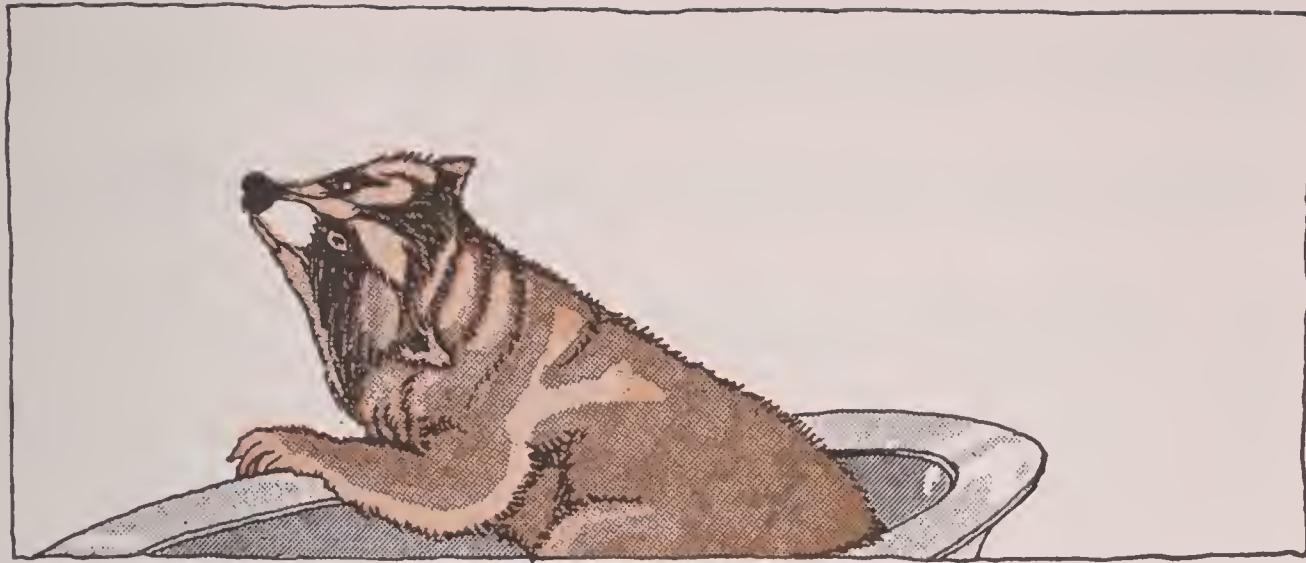
He liked it there.

He was quite happy and contented,
and full of fun.

His house stood by a tree.
His nice, big wash-pan stood near it.
Ralph brought him food.
Johnny took it carefully.
He put it in the pan of water.
He washed it and washed it.
After much washing, he ate the food.

After he had dined, he would tip the
water from the pan.
Then he would climb into the pan
and curl up like a big, fluffy ball
and go to sleep.

Ralph was very fond of Johnny.
He would often unfasten the chain,
and carry the pan and Johnny
to where he was playing.



Johnny would sleep on;
he was so used to it.

Ralph would set the pan down
carefully, so as not to waken him.

Then he would play a long time.

One day Ralph's mother called him.
Ralph ran to her and did not come
back.

He forgot about Johnny Coon.
After a while Johnny Coon wakened.

He stretched a long, long stretch.
Then he climbed out of the pan.

He looked carefully around.

No one was in sight.

He wanted Ralph.

So he started toward the house.

He came to the storeroom.

The door was open.

Johnny Coon walked in.

There, in the middle of the floor,
was a case full of eggs.

Johnny Coon had never eaten eggs.

He thought they looked nice to play
with.

He carefully laid them out
on the floor.

This took a long, long time.
There were many eggs in the box.
He took out the cardboard fills.
He tore them into small pieces.

It was great fun.
It was more fun
than he had ever had before.

Just then he heard some one coming.
He thought he would better hide.
So he ran behind a barrel of meat.

Ralph's mother came in.
She looked at the floor.
She called the children.
“Who did this?” she asked.

“We didn't!” they all cried.

Then Ralph saw Johnny's nose,
as he peeped around the barrel.

Ralph ran to get him.

Ralph's mother saw Johnny Coon, too.
She ran at him with a broom.

Ralph reached him first.
He took Johnny under his arm
and ran as fast as he could.

Then he called,

“Oh, Mother, don't whip him!
He didn't break a single egg!”

“You must keep him tied then,”
said Ralph's mother.

For many days Johnny Coon was left
tied.

He began to get lonely again.
Then one day Hen Speckle
brought her chicks that way.

Johnny Coon thought they had come
to play.

So he tried to play with them.

Hen Speckle pecked him hard on the
nose.

That made Johnny angry.
“I *will* play with those little chicks,”
he said.

But when he tried to do that,
Hen Speckle flew right at him.
Johnny was getting very angry
with Hen Speckle.



He had never been so angry before.
“Why don’t you go away,
if you don’t want to play?”
he asked.

Hen Speckle only scolded.

“Go away!” cried Johnny Coon.

“You are not tied like I am.”

But Hen Speckle was cross.

She flew at the raccoon.

Johnny rushed at her,

but she flew right over him.

He caught a little chick instead.

He was angry and his eyes were red.

He had meant to get Hen Speckle.

So he bit hard.

The poor little chick was crushed.

Johnny saw Hen Speckle hurry away.

He was glad to have her go.

Then he washed the chick and ate it.

Next day Hen Speckle came again.

Johnny rushed for a chick.

“If I kill a chick, she will go away,”
he said.

So he killed another chick and ate it.
Every day he did this.

Hen Speckle was not very wise.
Hen Speckle was losing all her little
chickens.

Ralph’s mother noticed it.
She watched Johnny Coon.
She saw him catch a chicken.
She called Ralph.
“You must take that raccoon away,”
she said.

Ralph was sorry.

“He will get so lonesome,” he said.
But there was nothing else to do.
So Johnny was sent to the field.
It was a long way to go.

One day Ralph’s big brother said,
“If I ever find that raccoon
without water,
I’m going to turn him loose.”

“But how can I help it?” asked
Ralph.

“He upsets the water so he can sleep
in the pan.”

One day Ralph was visiting his sister.
When he came home it was late.

He hurried away to feed and water
Johnny.

But Johnny Coon had been set free.

Ralph was so sorry that he cried.
He ran from tree to tree, calling
Johnny.

There was no answer.

Ralph was sad as he hurried home.
He searched the barn and the store-
room.

At last he gave up.

“Johnny Coon has gone to the woods,
said Ralph’s father.

That night the moon shone brightly.
Johnny Coon was very happy.
He was free.

He played and romped half the night.
Tired at last, he started for home.
He came to the barn first.

Johnny Coon had never visited the
barn.

He decided to stay and look around.

He found the family carriage.
He climbed all over it.
Nothing looked interesting at first.

At last he found a torn place
in one of the cushions.

Johnny Coon reached in.
He pulled out some of the stuffing.
Then he put his paw in many times.



It was great fun.

Each time he pulled out more stuffing.
Soon the cushion was empty.

Johnny Coon was tired now,
so he went back to the woods.

He climbed a tree and went to sleep.

When Ralph's father found the
cushion, he was very angry.

"It is that coon," he said.

Ralph searched the barn for his pet.
But he did not find him.
Then he wandered through the woods.

But Johnny Coon was sleeping
and did not hear Ralph's call.

That evening there was a noise
in the storeroom.

Ralph heard it and ran to see what it
was.

He found Johnny Coon in the meat
barrel.

Ralph was delighted to find him.
He reached in and caught Johnny by
the back.

But Johnny had smelled raw meat.

It made him savage.

Besides he had been away
and he felt wild.

He snapped at Ralph.

He bit him on the hand.

Ralph was so hurt that he let him go.

Johnny rushed away
into the darkness.

“He doesn’t like me any more,”
said Ralph, sadly.

Johnny was sorry he had bitten
Ralph.

He wanted to be fed and petted.

So he felt sad as he ran away.

When the night grew darker Johnny
came back again.



He hurried across the porch.
Then he ran toward the door.
Ralph's father heard him.

When the door was opened,
Johnny Coon bounded in.
He jumped for Father's bare feet.
Father jumped into bed.

Johnny Coon jumped upon the bed.
Father knocked him off.
Johnny climbed back again.
Father called for Ralph.

Ralph hurried downstairs.
Johnny Coon rushed under the bed.
Ralph crawled under after him.
Johnny's eyes shone green.

“Come, Johnny,” coaxed Ralph.
But Johnny rushed from under the
bed.

He pulled down the curtains
from the windows.

He knocked the plants
from the shelf.

Round and round the room he raced.

Ralph raced after him.

At last Ralph got hold of the chain
on Johnny’s neck.

Then Johnny became as gentle as a
lamb.

He snuggled up close to Ralph.
And Ralph smiled happily.



MAGIC MONEY

Neva was a little girl.

She and her mother lived alone.

They were very poor.

Neva's mother was ill.

Neva wished she had some money.

She wanted to buy an orange,
to give to her mother.

One day Neva stood near a fruit store.
She was looking at the fruit in the
window.

“I wish I had an orange,” she said.

A woman passed by just then.
She carried a beautiful purse.
In the purse was much money.
Among the other pieces
was a magic nickel.

The nickel heard Neva’s wish.

He said to the woman,

“You have plenty of money;
give me to Neva.”

“No,” said the woman,
“I want you for myself.”

“Neva wants me for her mother,”
said the nickel.

“She does not want me for herself.”

But the woman walked on.

When she opened her purse,

the nickel jumped out.

He rolled down the street.

As he went he called out,

“Money is made round to roll.”

The nickel rolled on

until he came to Neva.

Then he jumped into her pocket.

She was still looking at the fruit.

“Oh, dear!” she cried,

“if I only had an orange!”



“Why don’t you buy one?”
said the nickel.

Neva was so surprised she jumped.
She put her hand into her pocket.

The nickel tickled her fingers.

Neva took the nickel out.

“Where did you come from?”
she asked.

“I was looking for some one
who is not selfish,” said the nickel,
“so I jumped into your pocket.

Give me to the fruit man
for an orange.”

“I do not like to give you away,”
said Neva, “but Mother needs
the orange.”

Then she went into the store.
She bought an orange with the nickel.

The fruit man took the nickel.

He turned to put it into the till.
Then the nickel said,
“Give me back to Neva; she needs
me.”

The man threw the nickel into the till.
He shut the till quickly.
The nickel said, “Selfish man!”

A dime heard and asked,
“What is the matter?”
The nickel told him about Neva.

When the man opened the drawer,
out jumped both the nickel
and the dime.

They rolled out the door.
The man could not leave his store.

He went only as far as the door.
He heard them say,
“Money is made round to roll.”

The nickel and the dime rolled along.
They caught up with Neva
before she reached home.
They jumped into her pocket.

When Neva reached home,
she gave the orange to her mother.
Her mother was much pleased.
“Where did you get it?” she asked.

Neva told her of the magic nickel.
“That is very strange,” said her
mother.

Then the nickel laughed.

Neva put her hand into her pocket.
The nickel tickled her fingers.
The dime tickled her thumb.
Neva took them out.
“Where did you come from?”
she asked.

“We ran away from a selfish man,”
they said.

“We like those who are not selfish.
So we came to stay with you.”

“I cannot keep you,” said Neva.
“I shall have to use you
to buy something for Mother.”

“That is all well,” said the dime,
“money is made round to roll.”

Neva was happy. She said,
“Mother will soon be strong,
if she has plenty of food.”
Then she danced and laughed.
The nickel and the dime danced.
They were all very merry.
It cheered Neva’s mother to see
them so.

Next day Neva went downtown.
She went to the baker’s first.
She bought a loaf of white bread.
She paid the baker the nickel.
The baker turned to put it away.

Then the nickel said,
“Give me back to Neva, she
needs me.”

The baker put the nickel into the till.

He shut the till fast.

“Selfish man!” said the nickel.

A dollar heard him.

“What is the matter?”

asked the dollar.

Then the nickel told him about Neva.

Neva had gone to the creamery.

She bought a tiny pat of butter.

She paid a dime for it.

The creamery man took the dime.

He turned to put it away.

Then the dime said,

“Give me back to Neva, she needs
me.”

But the man shut him in the till.

“Selfish man!” said the dime.

A gold piece heard him.

“What is the matter?” he asked.

Then the dime told the gold piece
about Neva.

Soon the man opened the till.

Out jumped the dime
and the gold piece.

The man could not leave his store.

He ran as far as the door.

He heard the two pieces of money say,
“Money is made round to roll.”

The dime and the gold piece
rolled along.

They rolled until they caught Neva.
Then they jumped into her pocket.

In the baker's till the news had spread.

The dollar had told all his friends.
When the baker opened his till,
out jumped the nickel,
and many dollars besides.

Nickel and dollars all rolled away.
The baker could not follow them.
He heard them say,
“Money is made round to roll.”

The coins rolled until they caught
Neva.

Then they jumped into both her
pockets.

“How heavy my pockets are!” said
Neva.

She put her right hand into her pocket.
The gold piece tickled her thumb.
Each dollar tickled a finger.
The dime tickled the palm of her hand.

Neva laid the bread and butter down.
She put her hand into her left pocket.
The nickel tickled her thumb.
Each dollar tickled a finger.

Neva took the money out.
“Where did you come from?”
she asked.

“Oh, we ran away from selfish men,”
they told her.

“I cannot keep you,” said Neva.
“I must use you
to buy things for Mother.”

“That is all well,” said the gold piece.
“Money is made round to roll.”

Neva took her butter and bread.
As she hurried home she sang,
“Mother will soon be well,
“Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!”

All the money danced, too.
It made a cheerful jingle.
It cheered the mother to hear it.
She said, “I believe I could dance, too,
if only I had a pair of shoes.”

“Take me, Neva,” said the gold piece,
“and buy shoes for your mother.”
“Take me,” said the dollars, “and
buy clothes for your mother.”

Then they all hopped into her pockets.

Neva went back to town.

First she bought some shoes.

She paid the gold piece for them.

The gold piece said to the shoe man,

“Give me back to Neva, she needs
me.”

The shoe man shut him up quickly.

“Selfish man!” said the gold piece.

“What is wrong?” asked the paper
money.

Then the gold piece told them about
Neva.

Neva next went to a clothing store.
She bought a dress.

She paid several dollars for it.
The dollars said to the clothing man,
“Give us back to Neva, she needs
us.”

But the man shut them up in the till.

“Selfish man!” screamed the dollars.
All the paper money heard.
“What is the matter?”
the paper money asked.

Then the dollars told about Neva.

Neva went into a grocery.
She bought food for her mother.
The money said to the grocer,
“Give us to Neva, she needs us.”
But the grocer said, “No.”
And he shut them in the till.

“Selfish man!” laughed the money,
“you are making a mistake.”

All the money in the till heard.
“What is the matter?” each piece cried.
Then the dollars told about Neva.

When the shoe man opened his till
again, out hopped the coins.
And out flew the paper money, too.
When the clothing man opened his
till, out flew the paper money.
The coins all hopped out, too.

When the grocer opened his till,
the paper money flew out.
And the coins all rolled after.
The coins, as they rolled, sang,
“Paper money is made to fly.”



Then they all flew away
like a whirlwind.
The coins rolled faster and faster.

The clothing man, the grocer and the
shoe man ran after.

They were soon left far behind.
Then they went back to their shops.

Neva carried her things to her mother.
Her mother was delighted.
She put them on.
She looked very pretty.

Soon they heard a knocking at the
door.

Neva ran to open it.
In flew the paper money.
In rolled the gold and silver.
In rolled the nickels and the pennies.

They came so fast it made Neva dizzy.



“Oh, where did you come from?”
asked Neva.

“We ran away from selfish men,”
they told her.

“We like people who are not selfish.
So we came to you.”

The coins jingled cheerfully,
As they rolled around;
The paper money flying,
Made a cheerful sound.

Neva danced and laughed.
Neva’s mother danced, too.
“Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!” they sang.

Soon Neva’s mother got well.
Neva was very thankful.



She did not waste money on herself.
But she helped other people.
And she was always kind.
So the magic money never left her.



THE ROBBER GANG

Longtail was the leader of Rat Town.
There were many rats in Rat Town.
The town was in an old barn.
This was a fine place for rats.
One day the barn burned down.
All the rats ran out.

Longtail called them together.
“We must find another home,”
he said.

Snoopy Rat said,
“I know of a good place.”

“Where?” asked Longtail.

“It is near here,” said Snoopy.
“An old woman and an old man live
there.”

“If it suits us, we can drive them
away,” said Longtail.

Longtail and Snoopy Rat
went to the house to see.

When they came back, Longtail said,
“It is the very place.”

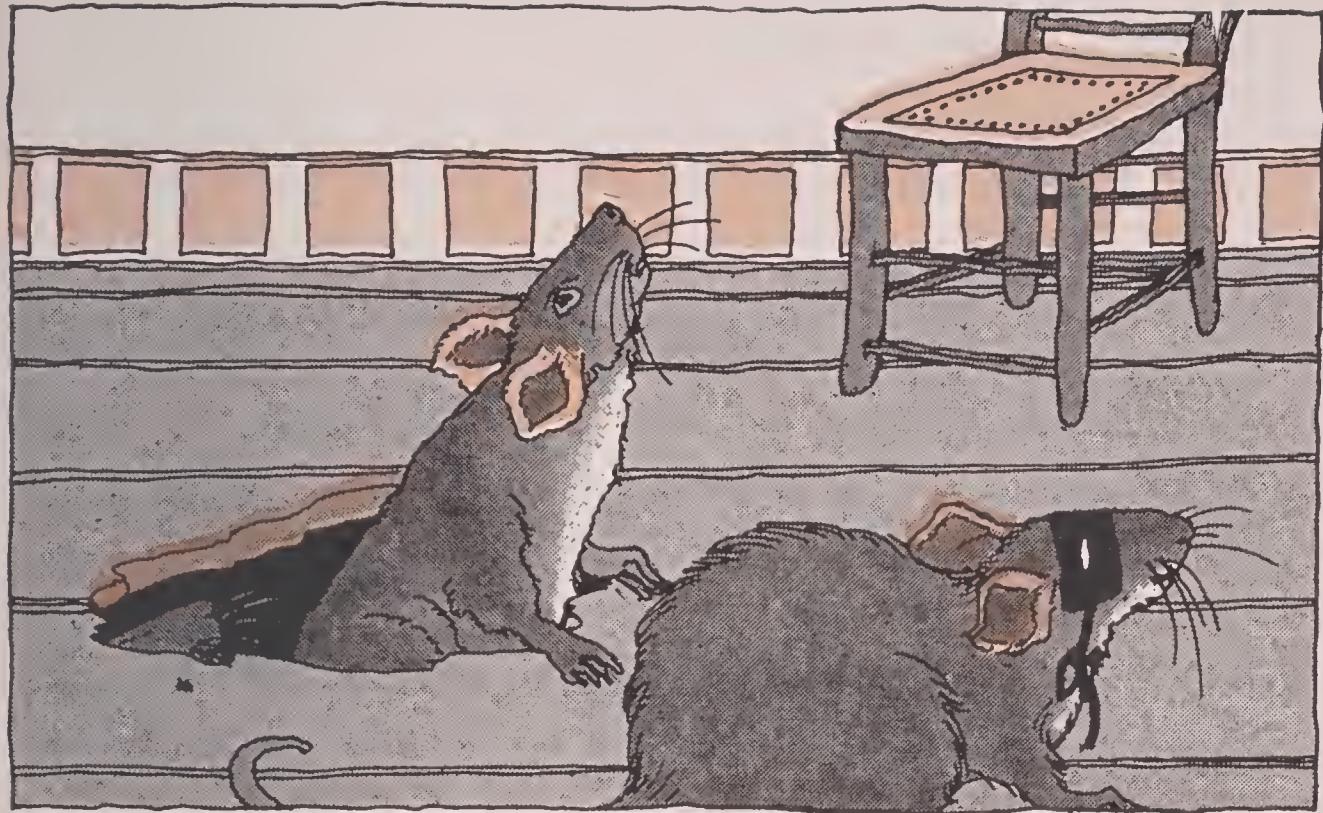
They marched away to the new home.

And as they marched
The rats all sang,

“Ho-ho for us,
We’re the robber gang!”

They came to the house at dark.
The old man and the old woman
had gone to bed.
The rats ran under the kitchen.
They began to gnaw a hole in the floor.
They made much noise.
But the old man and the old woman
did not hear them.
They could not hear very well.

By morning the hole was made.
The old woman came into the kitchen.
She did not notice the hole.
She could not see very well.
The old man came into the kitchen.



He did not see the hole.
He could not see very well, either.
The rats rested all day.
At night the old couple went to sleep.
Then the rats came into the kitchen.
Longtail came first.
Snoopy Rat came next.
Some of the rats quarreled
about who should go next.

At last they were all in the kitchen.

Then the rats pranced round
And danced and sang,
“Ho-ho for us,
We’re the Robber Gang!”

But the old man and the old woman
could not hear them.

Then the rats looked for food.
They found a cream cheese.
They ate and quarreled,
they growled and snarled,
until it was all eaten.

Then they all ran round
And danced and sang,
“Ho-ho for us,
We’re the Robber Gang!”

“I think I hear something,”
said the old woman.

“It is likely the wind,”
said the old man.

“I’ll look,” said the old woman.

She lighted a lamp.

She went into the kitchen.

All the rats hid.

There was not a sound.

Then she went back to bed.

The rats played all night.

When morning came,
they all went under the kitchen.

The old man and the old woman
got up.

They went to the kitchen for breakfast.
The old woman looked for the cheese.
She could not find it.

The old woman said,
“I greatly fear,
That bold, bad robbers
Have been here!”

And the rats below
Danced in delight,
They were so pleased
At the woman’s plight!

The old man went to town.
He bought a great sausage.
“This will last a long time,”
he said.

The old woman and the old man
ate a little of the sausage.
Then they hid it under the cupboard.
“Robbers cannot find it now,”
said the old woman.

But that night—

The rats ran in
And danced and sang,
“Ho-ho for us,
We’re the Robber Gang!”

Snoopy Rat could smell well.
He smelled the sausage.
“Ho-ho!” he shouted.
All the rats ran to see.

They soon had the paper torn off.

They ate and quarreled,
they growled and snarled,
until the sausage was eaten.

Then they went to look for more fun.
Snoopy Rat went into the pantry.
He saw the pans of milk there.
“Ho-ho!” he shouted.
The rats all ran to see.

When Longtail saw the milk he sang,
“Come everybody,
Swim in milk;
Then you’ll have coats
As soft as silk.”

The rats hurried into the pantry.
They scrambled into the pans.

And as they swam they sang,

“Ho everybody,
Swim in milk!
And have a coat
As soft as silk.”

When they were tired
they climbed out.

They left tracks
all over the pantry shelves.

They spilled milk on the pantry floor.
Then they hurried and scurried
into the kitchen.

Soon that floor was covered with
tracks, too.

For all the rats
Danced around and sang,

“Ho-ho for us,
We’re the Robber Gang!”

Next morning the old woman looked
for the sausage.

She did not find it.

The old woman said,
“I greatly fear
That bold, bad robbers
Have been here.”

Then the old man came in.
He slipped on the milky floor.
He sat down quite hard.
“What makes the floor so slick?”
he asked.

“The robbers may have put wax on
it,” said the old woman.



And the rats below
Danced in delight,
They were so pleased
At the old man's plight..

That day the old man did not go to town.

He sat still where he had fallen,
and he stuck fast to the floor.

So the old woman went to town.
She bought another cheese.
She put it on the table.

That night she said to the old man,

“I’ll put the cheese
Where you can see.
If the robbers come,
You call for me.”

The old man still stuck to the floor.
After the old woman went to bed,
he sat quite still.

Then the rats came in
And danced and sang,
“Ho-ho for us,
We’re the Robber Gang!”

The old man was near the table.

He was frightened.

He tried to get loose.

He got his foot over the hole.

He called for the old woman.

The rats quit singing.

They all ran and hid.

When the old woman came in,
she could not find a rat.

She looked everywhere.

“There are many here,” said the old
man.

Longtail had hidden on a brace
under the table.

His long tail hung down.

The old woman looked under the table.



She saw the tail.

She got the scissors.

Then she caught hold of the tail.
She meant to cut off the rat's head.
Longtail tried to get away.
The old woman tried to cut with the
scissors.

She cut off the rat's tail instead.
She threw it on the floor.

Flip, flip, flip; flop,
Went the tail on the floor,
And then it flew up
And grew fast once more.

The old woman took a great stick.
She struck at Longtail
And hit a chair,
And the splinters flew
High in the air.



The old woman helped the old man
to get free.

Then the rats ran down the hole.

The old woman said,

“I greatly fear,

That rats were the robbers
That have been here.”

But the rats below

Neither danced nor sang.

They decided to move—

This Robber Gang.

They waited till night,

Then they marched away.

And no one has heard from them
To this day.

PIGGY FAT AND PIGGY LEAN

Piggy Fat lived in a pen.

She was round and heavy.

She was really very fat, for she had a
double chin.

Piggy Lean lived in the woods.

She was lean and spare.

Sometimes she got so lean,
one could count her ribs.

Piggy Lean had heard of Piggy Fat.

She decided to make her a visit.

She went to the barnyard,
where Piggy Fat lived.

Piggy Fat was not polite.

She looked at Piggy Lean a long time.



“Why should I be friendly
with so poor a pig?” she thought.



Then she said,
“My, how thin you are!

You really look half starved.”

“I have plenty to eat,”

said Piggy Lean.

“But I use up all my fat in walking.

I like to see the world.”

“I like good looks best,

and a quiet time,” said Piggy Fat.

“Just look how sleek my coat is.

Yours is quite shabby.”

“You spend all your time on your

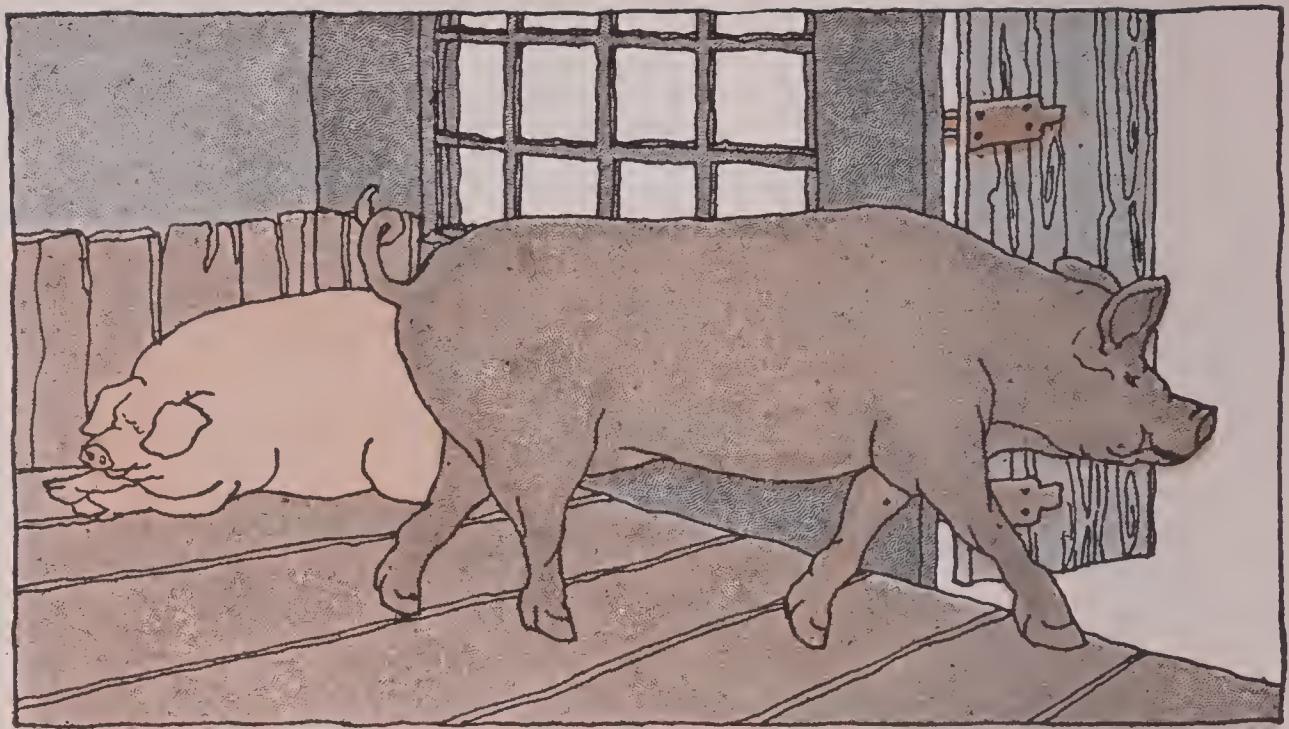
looks, while I improve my wits,”

said Piggy Lean.

“Each to her liking,” said Piggy Fat.

Then she lay down in a corner,

and began to snore.



Piggy Lean went home.

“I do not think Piggy Fat
is beautiful,” she said.

“She seems very clumsy and very lazy,

and her manners are bad.

I have felt poor at times.

But I know I am richer
than Piggy Fat.

I know more and I am stronger.”

One rainy day Piggy Lean
stopped again to see Piggy Fat.
Piggy Fat's pen was deep in mud.
She could hardly walk through it.
“I suppose you are still quite happy,”
said Piggy Lean.

“Of course,” said Piggy Fat.
“Am I not as plump as ever?”
“I'd much rather be clean than fat,”
said Piggy Lean.
“I'd rather run on the clean grass,
than roll in a muddy pen.”
Then Piggy Lean went away.

Piggy Fat began to think about the
grass.

She looked at her muddy pen.
She said, “I will ask my master
to let me out.”

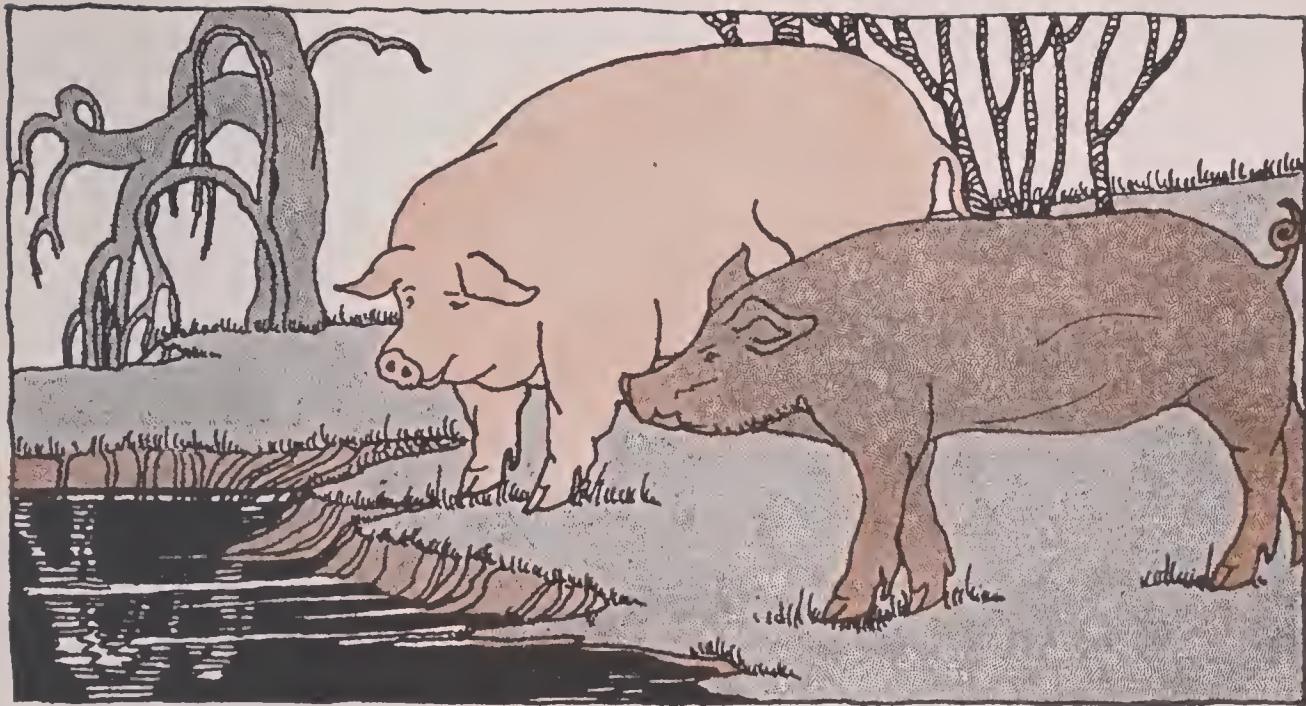
So her master let her out.

Piggy Fat found Piggy Lean.
They walked together
through the woods.

They stopped at a brook to drink.
They could see themselves
in the water.

Piggy Fat was well pleased.
She said to Piggy Lean,
“See how much fatter I am than
you.”

“Let us see who can run better,”
said Piggy Lean.



They started out;
but Piggy Fat couldn't run at all.

She was too fat and clumsy.

Piggy Lean smiled.

“These are beautiful woods,”
said Piggy Lean.

Piggy Fat looked all around.

“They do look pleasant,” she said.

“They are,” said Piggy Lean.

“Many of the trees bear nice nuts.”

“Do they?” asked Piggy Fat.

Then she looked all around again.

“They do,” said Piggy Lean.

“And lots of sweet berries grow here.”

Piggy Fat was interested.

She liked to think of things to eat.

“Did you ever eat nuts or berries?”

asked Piggy Lean.

“No,” said Piggy Fat.

“I eat grain and slop.”

“While I eat,” said Piggy Lean,

“the birds above sing for me.”



“The chickens and ducks are noisy
when I eat,” said Piggy Fat.

“But I can’t say they sing.
They are greedy and steal my food.”

“I don’t see why you like that place,”
said Piggy Lean.

“The woods are so much nicer.
They are so shady and quiet and
clean.”

Piggy Fat had doubts about it herself.
The woods were surely nice to live in.
The dry pine needles made soft beds.

“Let me show you what I have to
drink,” said Piggy Lean.

She led the way to a clear, cool spring.
“Isn’t this better than soapy
dishwater?”

“Yes,” said Piggy Fat.

“I have never tasted anything so
good.”

“Have you seen the pretty flowers?”
asked Piggy Lean.

Piggy Fat was so puffy around the eyes that she could not see well.

She had to look closely before she could see the flowers.

“They are beautiful,” she said.

“I have never seen any before.

They do not grow in my pen.”

“They’re useful, too,” said Piggy Lean.

With her long snout

she turned over the earth.

There lay a pretty, clean bulb.

“Taste it,” she said.

Piggy Fat ate it and smacked her lips.

“It is very good,” she said.

“I am careful not to dig them all up,”
said Piggy Lean.

“I always save plenty for seed.
And that’s more than some children
do.

I have seen them gather
great handfuls.

They never seem to think of seed.
Some strike the flowers off with sticks.
Perhaps they don’t know any better.”

So talked Piggy Lean, as she walked
with Piggy Fat.

“Do you notice the pure, sweet air?”
asked Piggy Lean.

“I noticed how bad it smelled
around your pen.

Excuse me, if I say so,
but it really did.”

“Did it?” asked Piggy Fat.
Then she sniffed and sniffed.
She smelled the balm of the pines,
and the scent of sweet flowers.

At last they came to the brook again.
Piggy Fat did not look at herself.
Her mind was full of other things.
She had promised her master
to come back to her pen.
And Piggy Lean would stay in the
woods.

She envied Piggy Lean.
She began to think herself quite poor.

Piggy Fat returned to her pen.
“How bad it smells!” she said.

Piggy Fat walked into the pen.

“How filthy it is!” she said.

She heard the chickens cackling.

“How noisy they are!” she said.

She went to her trough.

But she could not eat the food.

“How bad it tastes!” she said.

“How poor I am!” said Piggy Fat.

“I have bad air to breathe,

soapy water to drink,

and filth to walk in!

There are no trees, flowers, nuts or

fruit, and no birds to sing to me.

How rich Piggy Lean is!”

So talked Piggy Fat to herself.

She felt so bad, she began to cry.

A sparrow flew by and asked,
“Why do you cry?”

“I cry because I am so poor,” she said,
“and Piggy Lean is so rich.”

“Foolish pig!” said the sparrow.
“Why don’t you go to the woods
to live?”

Piggy Fat had not thought of that.
She was not used to thinking.
She stood up and looked carefully
around.

“There is nothing to stay for,”
she said.

Then she went away to the woods,
to be rich like Piggy Lean.



RABBIT WHITE

Rabbit White lived in a small pen.
She did not like her home.
“I cannot make my nest
in that box,” she said.
“It could not be hidden.
What shall I do?”

“I will dig and dig,” she said.
With her sharp claws she dug
 a deep hole under the fence.
At first she meant to make her nest
 in that hole.

But when it was done
 she was not pleased.
“It will not be hidden,”
 she said.

Then Rabbit White had an idea.
“I will use the hole for a tunnel,”
 she said.

She dug upward in the hole.
She came up outside the pen.
“Now I can hunt a good place,”
 she said.

She hunted around until morning.
“The haystack is the best place,”
she said at last.

“There I can have plenty to eat,
and be quite safe.”

Rabbit White began to make a tunnel
under the haystack.

She ate some of the fine leaves
of the alfalfa hay.

The coarse stems she threw out.

When morning came and the sun
began to grow hot,
she went to sleep.

Rabbit White slept all day.
While she was sleeping,
Ralph came to look for her.



He looked all day, but he did not
find her.

“Rabbit White is lost,” he said.
He did not look for her again.

Rabbit White did not come out
in the daytime.

Each night she made the hole
in the stack deeper and deeper.

She did not make it straight.
She made several curves in it.
Also she made some side drifts
 in which to hide.
In one of these she made her nest.

“It seems stuffy,” said Rabbit White.
“There should be better air.
I will make a tunnel
 through the stack.”
So she kept on and on until she came
 out on the other side.

“It is perfect now,” she said.
Her baby rabbits thought so too.
They were all quite happy.

Then one day trouble came.
The food in the woods became scarce.

Streaky, the ground squirrel,
and his many relatives
came to eat at the stack.

Ralph saw the squirrels there.
He came with Dog Rowdy.
Rowdy chased the squirrels.
They ran into the hole
that Rabbit White had made.

“Please get out, Streaky Squirrel,”
begged Rabbit White.

“We can’t,” said Streaky,
“the dog would kill us.”

“They will find where we are hidden,”
said Rabbit White.

“How can I help it?” replied Streaky.

Ralph took a long stick.
He went to one side of the stack.
Rowdy went to the other side.
Ralph pushed the stick into the hole
in the stack.

One frightened squirrel ran out.

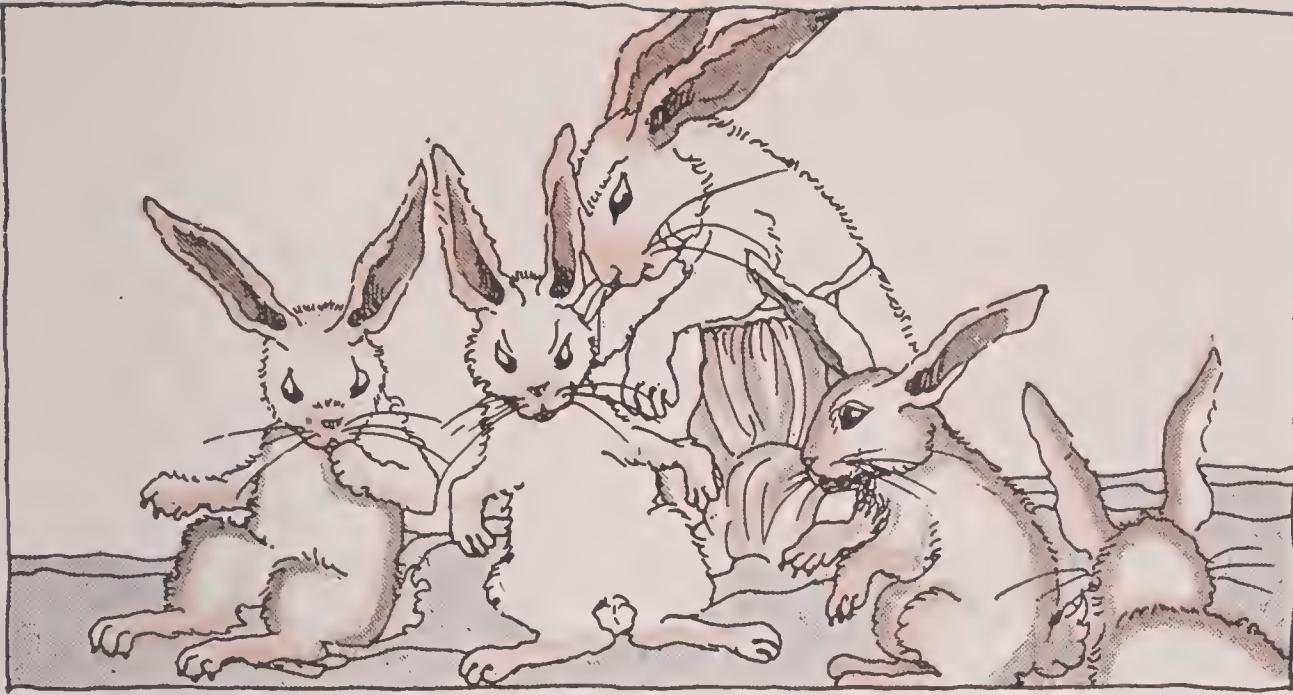
Rowdy caught him.

The baby rabbits shivered
as they heard his shrieks.

Rabbit White pushed them far back
into one of the drifts.

“Stay right here,” she said,
“no matter how afraid you are.”

The baby rabbits were frightened.
Ralph tried to drive more of the
squirrels out.



Rowdy barked and sniffed at the hole.
Ralph pushed the stick into it.
It was a long time before they went
away.

“Don’t you dare to come back!”
said Rabbit White to Streaky.

“How will you stop us?”
asked Streaky Squirrel, saucily.



“Nice people,” said Rabbit White,
“never go where they are not
wanted.”

“Pooh!” said Streaky Squirrel.

“I care more for a good dinner
than I do for a good opinion.”

Rabbit White was angry.

“How ill mannered he is!”

she said.

Rowdy slept near the stack next day.
The squirrels had no chance
to bother Rabbit White.

Rabbit White decided that the time
had come to name her children.
One, which was white like its mother,
she called Cotton.

Another, which was still whiter,
she called Snow.

The third little bunny had a black ring
around its eye.

This one she called Ring.

The fourth bunny had a short nose.
She named him Bunty.

The last one she named Nibbs, because
she could think of nothing
better.

On moonlight nights the rabbits
had the greatest fun.

They played hide and seek
around the haystack.

Owl Screechy flew softly
through the night.

He came near the stack
and carried away Nibbs.

Rabbit White was very sad.
“You must be more careful,”
she told the others.

Owl Screechy flew to a tree.
He meant to eat Nibbs.
Johnny Coon was sitting on the limb.
He played a joke on Owl Screechy.
He said, “Boo!” very loud.

Owl Screechy jumped and dropped
Nibbs.

Nibbs fell to the ground.
It was a long fall and he was hurt.
He scrambled into a small hole
at the root of a tree.

Nibbs crawled far back into the hole.
This was the home of Betty Rabbit.
Betty looked at Nibbs.

“What are you doing here?” she asked.

“Owl Screechy caught me,” said Nibbs.

“That is not true,” said Betty Rabbit.
“Owl Screechy would have eaten you.
I think you ran away.”

Then Betty Rabbit slapped Nibbs’
ears.

She slapped him two times.

“One slap is for telling a lie,” she said.
“The other is for running away.”

“I didn’t run away,” said Nibbs.
Then he began to cry.

“How can I believe that?”
asked Betty Rabbit.

“Go home with me and ask Mother,”
said Nibbs.

“I’ll do that,” said Betty Rabbit.

Betty Rabbit went to the door
of the rabbit hole.

She listened for Owl Screechy.

He was gone.

He had gone back to the haystack
to get another little rabbit.

Betty Rabbit and Nibbs
started for the stack.

They had to go slowly because Nibbs
did not feel very well.



Owl Screechy was sitting on a post
near the stack.

He sat so still that he looked
like a part of the post.

Nibbs was walking in Betty's shadow.

Owl Screechy did not see him at first.
When he did

he flew swiftly toward him.

But Nibbs sprang into the tunnel.

Owl Screechy flew at Betty Rabbit.

But Betty was large and strong,
and too heavy to carry away.

Betty Rabbit screamed.

Rowdy heard her and rushed for the
stack.

Owl Screechy flew away.

Betty Rabbit dashed into the tunnel.

They were all very happy
to see Nibbs.

Rabbit White thanked Betty Rabbit
for bringing him home.

And when Betty Rabbit found
that Nibbs had told the truth,
she was very sorry
that she had slapped him.

Betty Rabbit started home.
She went very carefully.
She listened often.
When she was half way home,
she heard voices.
It was Owl Screechy telling his mate
of his bad luck hunting.

“There is a nest of rabbits
in the stack.
I shall wait every night,” he said,
“until I get them.”

Scaly Snake had been listening too.
When the owls flew away he said,
“I will go to the stack;
I can crawl right in;
I need not wait.”

Betty Rabbit shuddered as she heard
him glide away.
“I must let them know in time,”
she said.

She bounded swiftly over the ground.
She left Scaly Snake far behind.
She was quite breathless
when she came to the stack.

Rabbit White and her children
were afraid.

“Thank you for saving us, Betty Rabbit,” she said.

“We must go away at once.”

The rabbits followed their mother, as she hopped away from their home in the haystack.

Then Rabbit White thought of a good plan.

She led them to the tunnel under her pen.

Quickly she dashed down the hole.

Her children came too.

Soon they came up into the pen.

Then Rabbit White dug the dirt back into the hole.

She stamped it down hard
with her strong hind legs.

All the children except Nibbs helped.
Nibbs was too tired.

Soon they had the hole so solid
that Scaly Snake couldn't get in.

Then they sat down to rest.

Next morning Ralph was outside.

He saw Rabbit White in her pen.

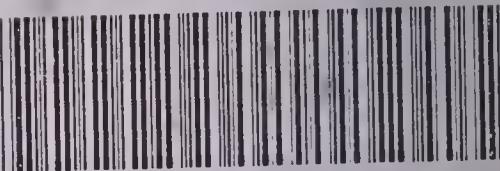
How pleased he was!

He ran to the pen.

There he saw Cotton, Snow, Ring,
Bunty and Nibbs, too.

He was so glad he shouted, "Hurrah!"

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